

## Genius 661

### Chapter 661 - Showcase a Skill (Part 1)

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"May I have your surname, sir?"

As Qin Fang was sizing up the environment inside the casino, someone immediately came over and asked very politely.

The man wasn't old, only in his twenties, and his clothing was clearly different from those of the customers who came to gamble, but also not the same as the croupiers in the casino. He seemed more like one of the casino's floor managers.

"Surname Luo..."

Qin Fang nodded and said, sadly, Comrade Eighth Elder had been thoroughly framed by Qin Fang. It was his own fault for having the surname Luo and, with Qin Fang's face matching closely enough, the frame-up was successfully executed. Poor Eighth Elder was destined to take the fall for him.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Luo. I can see this is your first time here. Would you like me to arrange a private room for you to play inside?"

The young man smiled, exceedingly polite, just like staff in a regular casino. Qin Fang speculated that he must have worked in such a place before.

This was an underground casino, with no shortage of gamblers, but since it was in a rural area, many of them were quite vulgar, including some newly wealthy individuals who struck it rich from property redevelopments.

Some richer gamblers from county towns didn't like gambling with these upstarts; it was too noisy and lacked prestige.

As such, the casino had set up some private rooms similar to VIP lounges, which were somewhat more concealed. Naturally, the stakes would be higher there... and some games could reach a staggeringly high level of bets.

News of Qin Fang carrying half a million in cash had already spread, turning him into a big 'fat sheep' in their eyes. The casino staff had come to invite him, likely wishing to include him in such high-stakes games.

Regulars who frequented casinos had a bit of common sense. These underground establishments weren't like regular casinos, and games arranged by the organizers were very fishy. Many fellow players could be planted by the casino, working together to win big—after all, such games had very high stakes.

"No need, I'll just play outside for a bit..."

Qin Fang immediately waved his hand to refuse and instead chose to play at the public tables. This was the approach of most experienced players—to feel out the situation first. If they detected a high number of cheats, there was no doubt they would walk away at once...

Cheats colliding with each other was a big taboo; they normally avoided each other's presence. Of course, if one believed their skills were superior, they could take action to intimidate the other party and force them to back off. This was an unspoken rule of the trade...

"As you wish..."

The young man smiled and spoke very courteously.

With Qin Fang's response, he clearly understood that Qin Fang was no rookie, so there was no need to insist. Of course, he might get prepared to make specific arrangements for such seasoned players, like bringing in expert cheats to target such 'fat sheep'.

Regardless of what the casino staff thought or did, at least for now, they didn't take Qin Fang too seriously.

Carrying the bag with the money, Qin Fang started to roam around the gambling hall, looking for a suitable entry point.

The set-up of the underground casino was relatively simple, mainly to match the social status and backgrounds of the patrons. Games like Russian Roulette and slot machines, which Qin Fang preferred, were basically non-existent.

In the main gambling hall, there were no card games like All-in or Texas Hold'em, which the uncouth locals never played.

After a quick round, Qin Fang had already figured out the main gambling methods, like betting on dice over/under, odd/even, playing Pai Gow, and a group playing Exploding Kittens...

These were very popular in the area and the most common games. The gamblers were relatively familiar with these games, and there wasn't much difficulty in getting started, which was why the casino had become successful so quickly.

Having surveyed the area and having a look at various games, Qin Fang finally settled at the dice betting table.

There are many ways to gamble with dice, from the simplest throw of three to six dice. Relative to other games, dice offer the highest chances for cheating. The house only needed to subtly manipulate things to switch one or even several dice within the shaker to change the numbers and achieve their desired outcome.

Qin Fang chose the simplest form of dice gambling, betting on high/low, odd/even, and specific numbers...

This type of gambling is very simple: with three dice, the total number of points ranges from three to eighteen, which creates sixteen possible outcomes. Therefore, three to ten is considered low, eleven to eighteen is considered high. As for odd and even, it's even simpler. Both of these bets have odds of one to one, meaning if you bet one, you get back your original stake plus one times your stake in return, which equates to two.

Relatively speaking, betting on specific numbers is the hardest with the highest odds. There are many possible combinations for the three dice, amounting to sixteen possible number outcomes. However, because the possible combinations of numbers are so extensive, the likelihood of each specific number appearing varies. For example, within the range of nine to fourteen, there are the most number possibilities, so the odds are much lower, with some as little as one pays three or one pays four. The smaller or larger the numbers, the fewer combinations there are, and accordingly, the odds are higher, up to one pays seven or one pays eight.

Of course, if a "Leopard"—three dice showing the same number—appears, the payout rate is somewhat higher. For instance, three or eighteen points would directly pay at one to ten.

In summary, the casino always comes out on top, emerging as the surefire winner. While it seems that individual gamblers are winning money, in reality, it is because many more are losing... The casino earns a fortune in the process; such is the way of profiting from gambling establishments.

Qin Fang saw this very clearly, which is why he disliked places like casinos, especially the underground one he was in now, which was a scourge to the locals of his hometown. Qin Fang did not want them to continue staying here.

After casually observing a few rounds, Qin Fang slowly made his way through the crowd to the front of the gaming table. Being broad-shouldered and muscular, he stood out, his strong build incomparable even to that of the construction workers who toiled every day.

"Hurry up, final bets..."

The croupier, full of enthusiasm, was calling out. The dice cup had already come to rest on the gaming table. He shouted at the surrounding gamblers, waiting for everyone to place their bets before he would lift the cup.

"High five thousand, odd five thousand..."

Qin Fang went straight to the point, pulled out a stack of bills from his carry bag, tossed them on the table, and simultaneously announced his bets loudly.

The croupier merely glanced at Qin Fang without taking much notice. Although the stack of bills stood out among a scattering of smaller notes, it wasn't particularly remarkable. After all, looking at the betting table, the amount being wagered in one round was definitely upwards of sixty thousand.

High rollers generally don't like to play dice games because the odds are too low and not stimulating enough, but some gamblers feel that this game allows for a slow and steady winning progression, with higher chances of winning money. After all, a fifty-fifty chance is much safer than other forms of gambling.

"Final bets... Open!"

The croupier called out, and with no more bets coming in, he quickly revealed the dice cup, "Four, five, six, high... fifteen points, odd..."

Without a doubt, as the croupier lifted the dice cup, the result was indeed high and odd, as Qin Fang had bet. Thus, Qin Fang's two bets both won, and according to the one-to-one odds, he had bet a total of ten thousand and was due to receive a payout of ten thousand, returning a total of twenty thousand to his side...

"Payout complete, let's continue..."

The payout process was swift, as most bets were small. With dedicated personnel by the croupier's side to assist with recording and payouts, the process was naturally faster, completed in less than a minute.

As the croupier called out again, taking the dice and shaking them anew, some impatient gamblers had already placed their bets in advance.

The dice players, among whom many were ignorant, vaguely understood that some cheats might swindle them, but they generally trusted their luck more...

Qin Fang, however, was in no rush. He calmly waited until the croupier set the dice cup on the table, calling out phrases like "Place your bets" and "No more bets." Only then did he leisurely place his bets, pushing the twenty thousand in front of him on his chosen spots...

This approach is one that many seasoned gamblers at the casino enjoy, believing that as long as the money doesn't leave the table, luck won't either. While there's no real basis for this, some people feel strongly that such behavior makes perfect sense...

Qin Fang's behavior was that of a faithful representative of such gamblers, and the croupier simply glanced over without much concern, for luck is hard to predict. Perhaps when you're on a lucky streak, you could win ten out of ten bets, or conversely, you might lose every single one out of a hundred when luck isn't on your side...

This phenomenon is something the croupier, with experience, has seen all too often. Some people even make a fuss, accusing the croupier of cheating, though sometimes the croupier is truly innocent...

"He won! He won again..."

But this croupier clearly underestimated Qin Fang—or rather, "Eighth Elder's" luck. Qin Fang had made it through six rounds, and his ten thousand had been multiplied several times over... A pile of red bills stacked up in front of Qin Fang, reaching a total of six hundred and forty thousand.

Counting the money in Qin Fang's bag, his total sum had already exceeded one million...

Of course, the true clincher was not the amount alone. From the moment Qin Fang won his first three bets, the other gamblers were already aware of his good luck and gradually started to follow his bets. From initial hundreds to later thousands, without exception, all these people won quite a bit along with Qin Fang...

Chapter 662 - Going Big...\_1

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If he'd only won one or two rounds, it'd be nothing to fuss about, but winning six in a row, now that's seriously defying the heavens...

In the beginning, some people thought that Qin Fang's luck had run out, and that he would definitely lose this time, so they deliberately bet against him, only to end up tragically losing. Anyone who went against him lost miserably.



After several consecutive rounds, not only did Qin Fang's luck not decline, but it grew even stronger, and more and more people followed his bets. By the time the seventh round had not yet begun, almost all the dice players were standing on Qin Fang's side.

"Young man, what are you betting on this round?"

"Brother, have a cigarette, have a cigarette, take good care of me, will you..."

Such phrases kept ringing in Qin Fang's ears, and he had anticipated such reactions from the gamblers.

If it were his own personality, he might just smile indifferently, or even advise them, because after all, the casino wouldn't let him keep winning like this.

But now, Qin Fang was someone else, a man known on Ninghai Road as Eighth Elder, who was always incredibly cocky.

And when Eighth Elder encountered such a situation, he generally...

"I said my luck's been good these days, and damn right it's good... Come on, hurry up, I'm planning to score a streak of thirteen wins again..."

Qin Fang spoke loudly and carelessly, Eighth Elder's passion for gambling was notorious, and what he loved to boast about most in his life was his remarkable history of hitting thirteen consecutive dice wins... Almost everyone who frequented Ninghai Road knew about it!

Qin Fang was naturally aware of this. Chen Da and the others had carefully reviewed the plan of action with Qin Fang before the operation. It included some information about Eighth Elder, mentioning these points, which Qin Fang was now using to his advantage.

Only the croupier was being tormented by Qin Fang, and now he seemed to be out of strength even to shake the dice, his face turning incredibly pale.

Croupiers like him, who were hired and trained, had some skills, but compared to real cheats, they still fell far short.

Because this underground casino wasn't a formal establishment, the equipment was relatively rudimentary. For example, tables with lower bet limits didn't generate much profit. If they were to spend a lot of money to modify such tables, there was no telling how long it would take to recoup the costs, so relatively speaking, these tables were a fairer game...

The money earned from the tables wasn't much, and croupiers' incomes were usually derived from a commission of the table's earnings, such as half or one percent of the table's profit of three hundred thousand for the day.

Of course, every table had a loss limit. If the losses were too great, the croupier would obviously be in trouble, like now, with Qin Fang alone winning over six hundred thousand, and some gamblers who followed his lead winning hundreds of thousands as well. This resulted in a direct loss of over a million. Considering the profits made earlier, the casino was still down by a substantial amount... No wonder the croupier was so pale.

"What are you staring at? Hurry up and roll the dice, I'm waiting to keep winning..."

Qin Fang could only sympathize with the croupier's plight, but since he worked for such a casino, defrauding the hard-earned money of these poor rural folks, it was just his bad luck.

"Mr. Luo, please don't make things difficult for our croupier. The outside tables all have betting limits, with a three hundred thousand cap... Actually, you already exceeded the limit in the last round... If you wish to play bigger, I suggest you go to the VIP room inside,"

The casino floor manager who had approached Qin Fang previously now appeared, flanked by several burly guards, and spoke to Qin Fang very politely.

The casino was not short of tough enforcers; their presence was a strong deterrent, enough to keep most people from getting too cocky here, or else they wouldn't mind having a very close encounter with a fist.

If a guest caused trouble, these enforcers could be put to good use. Although Qin Fang wasn't exactly causing trouble now, there was no doubt his actions were seriously disrupting the other gamblers.

If Qin Fang continued to disrupt the scene, the casino might have to use more forceful, potentially violent measures.

"A betting limit, huh... Dammit, just three hundred thousand and there's a cap... That's no fun at all..."

Qin Fang immediately began to mutter and complain, clearly very dissatisfied.

"Mr. Luo, if you find that too small, we can go to the VIP room inside. The stakes there are considerably higher, and some rooms even have no limits..."

The floor manager still had a gentle smile on his face, sounding extremely respectful and humble, making anyone who listened feel at ease.

"Alright, let's go inside..."

Qin Fang certainly understood the principle of stopping while ahead. He suspected that the VIP room inside had already arranged specific measures targeting him, Qin Fang.

"Little brother, don't leave..."

"Yeah, it's just a small win, steady wins the race..."

The other gamblers by the side were immediately displeased; with Qin Fang stationed there, whatever he bet on, he won, allowing them to win money too. That feeling was just too exhilarating.

But as soon as Qin Fang left, they were back to square one, playing as they always did...

"Thanks for the support, folks. I'm off to win big inside... Tsk tsk, with my luck this good, I'm sure to win a lot today..."

Before he departed, Qin Fang did not forget to give a fist salute to the surrounding gamblers, a gesture filled with grandeur.

Those addicted to gambling are like that, especially when their luck is off the charts—they feel as if they could easily win even at the World Gambling King competition.

Monitoring room.

Although the facilities of this underground casino were relatively simple, the commotion Qin Fang caused was a bit too much. After all, losing over a million through such small-stakes gambling was frankly bewildering. The first response from the casino side was to suspect a cheater.

The one thing underground casinos fear the most is cheaters. They make a substantial amount of money, but compared to those larger casinos, it's not worth mentioning. With all the expenses of paying off various parties, their profits are rather limited, especially when opening a casino in such a remote place.

"Any findings?"

Several people arrived in the monitoring room and immediately inquired with the surveillance staff. There was also a gambling expert there to facilitate the identification of the cheater.

"No cheating, it really seems to be luck..."

However, the gambling expert had carefully reviewed Qin Fang's gaming footage over and over and came to the conclusion that there was no cheating involved.

This was quite a normal outcome. Throughout, Qin Fang had only reached out to place his bets, and at other times, he sat still with his arms crossed and didn't budge.

Experts in dice games understand that to discern the number of points the dice inside will yield, it mainly relies on listening. Therefore, when a cheater makes a move, there are always some unusual movements in their ears, like unnatural tremors or twitches.

But Qin Fang had none of it. He didn't even deliberately stop the dice, and with the noisy crowd, even experts would find it hard to hear the dice clearly.

Qin Fang's bets also seemed quite random, pushing his money forward like that, many times with moments of hesitation. But in the end, he made his choice and won with uncanny luck...

"If there's nothing, that's good... Send two people out there..."

The casino's backstage boss nodded; having the guts to run an underground casino, he was a gambling expert himself, with real skills that far surpassed the expert stationed there. However, before coming over, he had watched the videos and had also found no signs of Qin Fang cheating.

If it was just luck, then in the latter stages, meeting a cheater would inevitably lead to a tragic end.

While arrangements were being made on this side, Qin Fang had already been led by the floor manager into the VIP hall at the back.

Called the VIP hall, it was actually just a partitioned large hall at the back of the factory. It was divided into many private rooms, and of course, the service was notably different. Those who entered here were tycoons with considerable wealth. The waitresses, all young women, wore incredibly sexy and revealing clothes, flitting between portly men.

Some wealthy patrons, upon winning money, immediately stuffed banknotes into the deep cleavages of these women, and of course, their hands frequently grabbed at the women's breasts, buttocks, and even the 'peach garden' with vigor. Meanwhile, the women giggled coquettishly, seeming to enjoy it.

From the environment here, it already had more of a casino feel, at least much better than the betting hall outside...

"Mr. Luo, what would you like to bet on? Dice again? Or something else? You decide first, so I can make arrangements for you..."

The floor manager spoke with a cheerful tone. To a gambling expert, some may be strong in a particular game, but generally, they are very skilled in each type of play.

"Poker... I like playing that..."

Just like the outside, the game types in the VIP hall were similar. In this kind of rural area, only those more familiar games are available.

Everything available outside was also here, and what wasn't available outside was here too. Qin Fang even saw two tables of people playing mahjong... Of course, the stakes for these mahjong games were definitely huge, vastly different from the games villagers usually played—perhaps a hundred or a thousand times higher...

At least Qin Fang had casually thrown out a few Scouting Skills and noticed quite a few local tycoons whom he had long heard of but never actually met. Some were rumored to be worth tens or even hundreds of millions...

Chapter 663 - Who's Being Sneaky?\_1

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"No problem, I'll arrange it right away..."

The supervisor just gave a light nod at Qin Fang's choice, greeted him, and immediately went to arrange for people.

It was evident that this lad was doing well here; he basically knew each gambler in the VIP room, and of course, that also included their preferred ways of playing.



Soon, he spoke to some gamblers who were already playing, and in a short while, he called over seven people. Including Qin Fang himself, there were eight in total, which made up a full table.

The gambling tables were ready, and Qin Fang was the first to sit down, waiting for the others to arrive.

Of course, the first thing Qin Fang did was confirm the identity of each person. He didn't believe for a second that the casino would not send someone over in such a high-stakes game.

Indeed, once the other seven people sat down, Qin Fang had already identified two cardsharppers among them. As for the other five, they were all local tycoons, and one of them even came from a neighboring province.

The rules of playing Poker were quite straightforward, and everyone present was very familiar with them. Generally speaking, the most suitable number of players ranged from six to eight. Too few might not be exciting enough, but too many could make things too complicated...

At least to Qin's knowledge, around six players were most appropriate, but the casino had inserted two cardsharppers, slightly increasing the number for better concealment. Thus, there were eight players.

Of course, this number was also within the range that other gamblers could accept. Any more, and definitely, some people would have been displeased.

Once everyone was seated, the casino sent over a croupier. He looked to be in his forties and had an honest face, appearing harmless. If he hadn't been seen in the casino, no one would associate him with it.

But when he appeared, Qin's gaze lingered on him a little longer than on others before he continued to act cool, head held high, with an arrogant demeanor as if everyone else was a Fat Sheep to him.

"Ignorant of their own mortality..."

The two cardsharps, of course, noticed Qin Fang. With an almost imperceptible glance exchanged between them, they both conveyed this signal.

Undoubtedly, they were aware of Qin Fang's previous successful run and also knew that his luck was exceptionally good. However, they believed that mere luck wouldn't be enough to beat them.

Compared to Qin Fang, they treated the other gamblers with noticeably less murderous intent. These gamblers were regulars at the casino, with substantial assets. A steady flow was the golden rule; being too ruthless could lose them a client—an idiotic mistake they weren't about to make.

"I'll be the croupier for this game. To ensure the fairness of the game, I'll only shuffle the cards, while each of you will take turns dealing. Are there any objections?"

The middle-aged croupier briefly introduced the rules, clearly ruling himself out, as he mentioned, to ensure the fairness of the game.

"No problem, let's begin..."

Everyone looked at each other, and the rules seemed quite fair, at least eliminating the possibility of someone exploiting casino connections to cheat.

Poker players put a lot of faith in luck, and many believe that dealing the cards themselves could bring better fortune, so such rules were naturally acknowledged by all.

Qin Fang nodded in agreement. He understood why the middle-aged croupier had made such a statement—to distance the casino from the game since they had already dispatched two cardsharps, who could easily manipulate the cards when dealing. Secondly, it was probably to keep an eye on Qin, to see if he was cheating.

Of course, only a very few people were privy to this, such as the croupier himself, the two cardsharps, and the brazen Qin Fang. The other five gamblers were completely in the dark.

"So the game now begins... Each deck of cards will only be used once, meaning after each person has dealt, the cards will be destroyed..."

The middle-aged croupier took a new deck of cards, shuffled them, and briefly explained, which was also meant to ensure fairness as each person got a chance to deal. Everyone would use the same deck of cards.

The cards were quickly shuffled, and after a casual glance, the gambler closest to the croupier threw the dice to decide who would deal first.

The first dealer wasn't Qin Fang, nor was it one of the cardsharppers, but one of the gamblers. Qin Fang was set to deal third from last, in sequence.

Since it was the VIP room, the stakes were high: a minimum bet of One Thousand Yuan and Ten Thousand to start, with a cap at half a million for opening the cards.

All brought money and exchanged it for chips, which facilitated betting. In front of Qin Fang was a little over 1.1 million in chips; a hundred of them were the large Ten Thousand denomination, and the remaining tens of thousands were in smaller denominations—One Thousand, Two Thousand, and Five Thousand—again, for the convenience of betting.

Shortly, that gambler dealt cards to all eight players, each person carefully shielding their cards under their palms. Qin Fang, seemingly indifferent, just placed his cards on the table.

Chapter 664 - Who's Being Sneaky?\_2

"Just starting out, small bets, a blind of two thousand..."

The dealer was the last to act, and the player following them, who was the first to speak, immediately tossed out a chip worth two thousand. This was only the first round where probing was generally the main objective, especially since everyone has different gambling habits, and several players at the table were quite unfamiliar with each other; big moves were normally not made.

Of course, these people were all well-off, and a few thousand yuan really meant nothing to them, so they casually threw in their bets.

"I'll call..."

"I'll call..."

"I'm in as well..."

Everyone knew that in the game of poker there were extra rewards for specific hands like a Leopard or Straight Flush, but you had to be in a blind bet to get them; otherwise, they meant nothing...

Since none of these players were short on cash, they all followed suit without hesitation, as two thousand wasn't a large sum to them.

"Heh, I'm riding a wave of good fortune right now; two thousand is too little for me. I raise, let's say... ten thousand!"

Qin Fang was playing the part of a naive gambler who relied purely on luck, but with the momentum of winning six rounds in a row on his side, such behavior was only natural.

Some people were aware of Qin Fang's burgeoning luck, like the Croupier and the two cheaters, but others, like the other five gamblers, had no clue.

So, when Qin Fang suddenly raised the bet, several people looked at him in surprise.

Gambling often involved more than just luck; psychology played a role too. Your opponents would take any small action you made as a clue to whether your hand was strong or weak.

These gamblers were all regulars at the casino, the kind who would gamble every few days. This kind of habit had long been ingrained in them, especially in poker, which was more of a mental challenge to determine whether the opponent was bluffing or not.

Of course, in the first round where everyone was still blind, there was no question of bluffing or not...

"I'll call..."

The person following Qin was still in and chose to call.

"I'll check my cards... Hmm, too weak, I fold..."

The next player, one of the two cheaters, immediately made a show of peeking at his cards before deciding to fold.

"I'll call..."

"I fold..."

The game continued with some choosing to call and others checking their cards and folding; the second cheater also folded soon after, even though his hand was the second best among the eight players.

Who had the best hand?

Qin Fang!

Qin himself hadn't expected to have such a strong hand on the first deal, so easily outclassing the other seven players. Naturally, the two cheaters and the Croupier were also privy to this hand's strength.

The Croupier had shuffled the cards, and Qin had recognized him as a cheater from the outset based on his special shuffling technique. Thus, the gambler who thought he could avoid cheating by dealing himself had failed to realize he was still being manipulated.

Of course, this first hand had indeed solidified the belief that Qin was winning purely based on luck.

"I raise! A blind of twenty thousand..."

"I'll look... fifty thousand!"

"I fold..."

The cheaters had folded, but the others hadn't given up and were still battling it out with Qin, who continued to act smugly. After several rounds of blinds, he finally looked at his cards, immediately beamed a smile, and continued to raise.

The chips on the table were growing in number, from the initial tens of thousands to over three hundred thousand, with individual bets now surpassing fifty thousand. Just a round or two more and they would surely hit the maximum limit of five hundred thousand.

"A Straight Flush... I don't believe you can beat me..."

Indeed, after two more rounds, with the bet capped at five hundred thousand, Qin Fang slapped his own hole cards open. It was a flush with an ace, almost the biggest hand there could be.

"Damn it..."

The gambler who had been going head-to-head with him flung his cards down in an instant while cursing angrily, clearly very infuriated.

"Haha, I told you, I'm on a lucky streak, trying to fight me is like seeking death..."



Qin Fang was still putting on the act of an easy mark, pulling the chips towards himself while muttering under his breath, looking like he was asking for a beating. This made the many gamblers who had lost money gnash their teeth in frustration.

Of course, the two cheaters exchanged glances, their eyes conveying a simple message, evidently they had a plan now.

The best way to drive an opponent crazy is to let him climb to the peak, then push him off suddenly, sending him crashing to the ground, shattered to pieces.

Clearly, Qin Fang's luck was still incredibly strong, further cementing the evidence that he relied on luck in gambling.

The second round began. This time, another gambler was dealing the cards. There was no need for a croupier to shuffle this time; the gambler shuffled the cards himself and then began dealing.

"Blind... five thousand!"

Sitting next to this gambler was one of the cheaters, who, along with the other one, flanked Qin Fang with the intention of not giving him a good time.

Perhaps it was because the first round, which had warmed up ending with a cap, made the battle naturally more fierce from the start as the betting increased.

"I'm riding my lucky streak, gotta press on the attack, I'm going blind with ten thousand..."

Qin Fang was somewhat speechless. After checking the cards in the hands of eight people, he once again discovered that his hand was the biggest of all eight; he had this round in the bag again...

Of course, this made it even more convenient for him to show off. When it was his turn, he fiercely barked out to raise the bet, which made many people's faces turn quite unsightly.

Though these gamblers weren't short on cash, those who gambled regularly knew that going against someone on a hot streak never ended well; they began to bet cautiously and carefully.

This caution meant that the game felt more restrained; everyone's bets were made after much deliberation, cautiously reaching a decision in the end.

And so, when Qin Fang emerged victorious in the end, he only collected about three hundred thousand in chips, of which more than a third were his own bets.

"Haha, I told you, anyone who fights me is in for a bad end... keep it going, keep it going, I want to win more..."

Qin Fang certainly wasn't going to give up such an opportunity to show off. He immediately started calling out again, acting even more insufferable than before, to the point where even the croupier felt like hitting him.

The other gamblers, naturally, were grinding their teeth even more.

The third round began, and this time it was one of the cheaters' turn to shuffle and deal the cards. Qin Fang knew that it was their move now; they definitely wouldn't let him win a third round, and might even be planning to make him take a nasty fall.

But since Qin Fang was already aware of their identities and their plans, he naturally wouldn't let them succeed.

Indeed, when the cheater shuffled the cards, there was nothing fishy, but when it came to dealing, it was full of tricks. This cheater's skill level might not have been very high, maybe just slightly better than Qin Fang's in terms of cheating techniques. At least Qin Fang could see all the tricks he used in dealing the cards.

"You think you can screw me over with this? No chance..."

The cards were quickly dealt, and when it was Qin Fang's turn after the calls for cards had gone around...

"Ah, third time's the charm, better play it safe this time, let's see the cards first..."

What the two cheaters didn't expect was that Qin Fang, this time, decided not to go in blind and chose to see his cards first... "Hmm, not bad, this one—damn, wrong suit... I fold!"

Qin Fang looked at the first card, which had a decent face, without even finishing he glanced at the second one, realized the suit was off, and without bothering to see the third card, he just slapped the cards down and chose to fold.

Pfft~~

His move almost made three people on the scene feel a surge of blood, as if they were about to vomit.

This round was specially set up by the cheater, leopard against leopard, coming up against a leopard hand, anyone would definitely go for the cap straight away. In the end, Qin Fang would certainly lose, and as everyone knows, after such a strong hand is taken down, the luck generally turns quite sour, allowing others to press the advantage, and strike hard while the opponent is down.

But Qin Fang only looked at two cards and folded based just on the suits, not even the specific numbers—how could they not feel like spitting blood?

Chapter 665 - He is a cheater!\_1

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Around the gambling table, aside from the eight gamblers, there was only one croupier, making a total of nine people.

However, at this moment, the nine individuals indeed had different thoughts...

The other five gamblers didn't know what cards Qin Fang held; they just found his way of betting odd. They had seen players fold after looking at two cards, but never one who would fold after just a glance at the suits of two cards...

They didn't give it much thought, after all, everyone is different. They couldn't control what others were thinking or how they played, nor did they have the inclination to do so. With one less competitor who had incredibly good luck, they naturally had a better chance...

The other three individuals, two cheats and one croupier, knew exactly what cards Qin Fang held. As long as Qin Fang dared to call or clearly look at his cards, they would definitely go all in. This way, they could deliver a crushing blow.

Of course, the cheat who was dealing wouldn't be so foolish as to deal himself the good hand; instead, he gave it to the other cheat. This avoided any suspicion of him cheating.

Little did they expect, Qin Fang didn't even give them that chance, simply choosing to fold without even clearly looking at his cards.

Such an outcome made them feel as though they had unleashed their most powerful Attack Power only to hit nothing. That feeling was certainly very uncomfortable.

The three exchanged looks in secret, their eyes filled with considerable frustration.

The game naturally had to continue; the cards had already been dealt. Although Qin Fang had given up, the others were still in the game. The casino wouldn't operate at a loss. They would not choose to lose when there was a chance to win. In the end, the cheat who received the Leopard won. Not only did he win the final jackpot of five hundred thousand but also took ten thousand of Celebration Money from each player—it was a worthwhile victory...

The game proceeded, and it was the next person's turn to deal. But Qin Fang's luck evidently did not carry on. Receiving mediocre cards, he called a few rounds nonchalantly, then checking his hand as if putting on a show, he chose to fold.

Of course, he couldn't help but show an unmistakably disappointed expression.

The next few rounds proceeded the same way; even when Qin Fang dealt himself, he didn't cheat. The cards were dealt haphazardly, not strong, and he folded after calling a couple of times.

Yet Qin Fang's expression became increasingly somber; each action he took when tossing his cards betrayed a hint of his unease.

When the cards were weak, Qin Fang would throw them in softly, muttering under his breath in a vexed manner, as if he were frustrated by the unlucky hand.

If the hand was unimpressive, he would hesitate, fidget, and eventually fold. His dissatisfaction was evident, as if he were grumbling about if just one card had been different, he could have won.

In short, Qin Fang was always performing, making himself out to be an easily emotional gambler—arrogant and loud when winning, cursing and annoyed when holding a poor hand.

Generally, gamblers love to play with such people. At least, they can discern from his expression whether his hand is strong or not...

That was precisely Qin Fang's state, appearing to everyone as such an emotional gambler...

The game was still ongoing; finally, it was the second cheat's turn to deal again. The three had already exchanged glances, and promptly dealt Qin Fang a strong hand.

This time it wasn't a Leopard; they wouldn't make that foolish move again. Who knows if Qin Fang would throw his cards again after just looking at two suits like the other round.

So this time they gave Qin Fang a golden flush with an Ace, specifically A, K, J—one of the strongest hands, second only to Leopard and Straight Flush.

With identical suits, as long as Qin Fang glanced at his card specifics, he would surely follow through to the end.

Only...

Just as this hand was dealt and the previous players had acted, when it came to Qin Fang, he suddenly clutched his stomach, showing great discomfort, "Excuse me, everyone, I'm not feeling well; I need to use the restroom... uh, I'll fold this hand..."

Under the watchful eyes of the three, Qin Fang, without even looking at his cards, folded again...

"Mr. Luo, you actually don't need to fold. I believe we can all wait for you to return..."

Fortunately, one of the cheats was quick to act, gripping Qin Fang's hand and saying with a smile. He didn't just speak for himself but tried to include everyone else too.

"I tend to take a long time in the restroom; how can I make everyone wait? I'm folding. If I don't return in time for the next few rounds, consider that I've folded them too..."

Qin Fang certainly knew what they were plotting—how could he let them have their way?

He set down his cards and quickly hurried off to the restroom...

The cheat watched Qin Fang leave with helplessness, glancing at the croupier and sharing a bitter smile. Two such good opportunities had passed, and they still hadn't managed to trap Qin Fang...

"Is this kid's luck that good?"



The same thought popped into the minds of the three people, vaguely feeling that Qin Fang's luck seemed to be defying the heavens. Every time something was about to go wrong, he managed to dodge it...

The round ended quickly, and of course, the cheater won again, securing the maximum bet and a hefty sum, along with some Celebration Money.

Almost at the moment the outcome was determined, Qin Fang hummed a tune as he came from the direction of the restroom; the whole affair only took two or three minutes.

"You call this 'a long time'?"

The cheater who had spoken to Qin Fang earlier couldn't help but huff.

"I don't know what happened, just as I squatted down, my stomach stopped hurting..."

Qin Fang chattered carelessly, as if it didn't matter at all. He had accomplished his goal; the veracity of his excuse was meaningless now.

This cheater was the last player in this round. Including everything, there were only eight deals, and the used playing cards were removed and replaced with a new deck.

However, before the second round began, everyone recounted their achievements.

The biggest winner was naturally Qin Fang. He won two capped bets, and both were won blind. Despite losing a little later, it wasn't much, ending up around six hundred and fifty thousand in winnings.

The two cheaters followed, not only hitting the cap but also raking in Celebration Money, with each walking away with a little over five hundred thousand.

With these three alone winning a total of one million six or seven hundred thousand, the money naturally came from the other five gamblers, each having lost about three hundred thousand...

For these wealthy tycoons, such an amount was trifling, so they didn't pay it much mind. The game continued, with a new deck for the second round.

The results of the second round were nearly a repeat of the first. The two cheaters still couldn't get the better of Qin Fang. No matter what cards they dealt him, he always found a reason to fold, benefiting one of them in the end. They even designed it so Qin Fang would lose to another gambler.

Unfortunately for them, Qin Fang was never duped.

However, the tension at the gambling table was growing more and more palpable...

The suffocating atmosphere also became more eerie. Some began to quietly count their chips, only to be shocked to discover how quickly more than half of their million in chips had vanished within just a dozen or two hands.

Yet upon closer inspection, only three people were winning, and they hardly ever lost big. Usually, they would casually follow a couple of rounds then fold, but whenever they held strong hands, they would aggressively raise the stakes.

"Not feeling lucky today, I'm out..."

Indeed, playing like this was exasperating. Combined with the increasing hostility at the table, these gamblers seemed to have been merely extras all along.

None of these people who had amassed such fortunes were fools. Although they weren't sure if someone was cheating, with the situation as it was, they had to stop. Otherwise, they'd truly become the big losers, continually losing money without fighting back.

"I'm not playing either..."

"Me too..."

Once one person gave up, the others followed suit quite naturally. Soon, everyone had dropped out, leaving only Qin Fang and the two cheaters at the table—just three people.

If the gamblers could discern this pattern, how could the two cheaters and the croupier not see it?

They could see very clearly every hand Qin Fang held. When he had the best hand, he would raise, and continue raising until he won. Even if someone tried to cheat him, not once did they succeed.

When Qin Fang didn't have the highest hand, even if it was the second-highest, he would voluntarily fold after following a couple of rounds, thus never giving anyone a chance to catch him.

Of course, the times they actively rigged the deck were included in this assessment. Qin Fang might have had plenty of excuses, but without a doubt, once he knew his hand wasn't the best, he immediately folded, regardless of whether he held a Straight Flush or a Leopard... none of these mattered.

"He's a cheater!"

The three of them almost immediately made their judgment, quickly concluding that Qin Fang was a cheater. Despite watching his every move up until now, they had never spotted even the slightest fault.

There were only two possibilities: either Qin Fang had never cheated—which was almost instantly dismissed since not even someone with the best luck could keep it so consistently accurate—or there was foul play.

The other possibility was that Qin Fang's cheating skills surpassed those of the three of them, or that he had seen through the little tricks they'd used. Naturally, there would be no chance of winning against him...

Chapter 666 - Negotiate Terms? You're Not Qualified Yet...\_1

...

"With only three players left, it seems the game can't continue..."

The other five gamblers had all dropped out, leaving only three players who simply couldn't afford to play anymore. Qin Fang gathered his chips with a smile, speaking amiably as he did.

At this moment, he dropped his bold and arrogant pretense, as there was no longer any need for it. The remaining three players had already concluded he must have been cheating.

Not only had these three decided, but it was likely that the person behind this underground casino was also aware of it.

"Mr. Luo, our boss would like to see you..."

Just then, the young floor manager who had brought Qin Fang over appeared again, respectfully addressing him with a reverent tone.

"Oh, is that so? I didn't expect to be held in such high regard. Lead the way..."

Qin Fang wore a nonchalant smile, seemingly unsurprised by the presence of this man, or rather, by the underground casino's mysterious boss's invitation.

"This way, please..."

The young floor manager smiled as he led the way, heading deeper into the factory, while Qin Fang strolled leisurely behind him, occasionally looking sideways with casual glances.

Unlike the assassination attempts often depicted in movies, no assassins emerged to take Qin Fang out on their way; it was desolate and markedly quieter, a stark contrast to the bustling chaos of the gambling hall.

After walking roughly a few dozen meters, Qin Fang and the floor manager arrived at the deepest part of the abandoned factory, a row of low houses, their lights on, faintly revealing the interior.

This seemed to be their destination, and as Qin Fang approached, a man dressed in a classy suit stood in calm silence.

"Mr. Luo, this gentleman is our boss..."

The floor manager briefly introduced the man to Qin Fang, then respectfully excused himself.

After the floor manager left, the man turned to face them, revealing his features. He wasn't very old, in his thirties perhaps, but his eyes were extremely sharp, projecting a sense of combativeness and intelligence.

"Mr. Luo, hello... My surname is Li..."

The man approached Qin Fang, his face adorned with a mild smile. He reached out warmly, shook hands with Qin Fang, and shared his surname.

Of course, Qin Fang wasn't going to trust him that easily. This man was a shadowy figure, and who knew who he really was? Names were nothing more than codes.

Besides, in Dragon Country there were far too many people with the same surname. Common surnames like Li, Chen, Wang were exceedingly numerous, not to mention those who shared the same full name.

"Mr. Li, hello... May I know what matter requires my presence?"

Qin Fang asked courteously.

"Actually, there's nothing much..."

The man surnamed Li walked over to his desk, retrieved a briefcase from underneath, and placed the rather large briefcase on the desk before opening it to reveal a box full of cash, half red, half green.

The red half was naturally RMB, while the green half was US Dollars.

"Here we have RMB and US Dollars, half a million each. Mr. Luo, if you agree to one condition, you can take this money right away..."

The man surnamed Li pointed to the cash inside the briefcase.

Half a million RMB was inconsequential. Qin Fang had brought that amount to the casino and won a total of 1.5 million RMB; together, that made 2 million RMB.

But half a million US Dollars was different. Even though the exchange rate had fallen considerably, it was still equivalent to more than 3 million RMB.

Add in the RMB, and the case held almost 4 million in total... without a doubt, a substantial amount of money.

"What's the condition? I'm all ears..."

Qin Fang neither agreed nor refused, simply asking about the condition.

"It's very simple, leave this place... and don't discuss anything about this place with anyone..."

The man surnamed Li smiled, speaking with tranquility.



In his view, such an amount of money was quite persuasive, and the condition was almost non-existent, equivalent to giving the money away for free. It was a deal that he believed no one would refuse...

"A tempting offer..."

Qin Fang walked up to the desk and casually grabbed a stack of money from the box, flipping through it with the sound of rustling bills, looking very nonchalant.

But...

"What if I say no?"

What Qin Fang had said earlier sounded rather negotiable, but his next words took an abrupt 180-degree turn, now directly challenging the man surnamed Li.

The man surnamed Li was stunned, having not anticipated Qin Fang's calmness in the face of such money, almost as if he was seeing not cash but a pile of worthless paper.

"Say no?"

However, this man quickly recovered, his facial expression clearly becoming sinister, "If Mr. Luo were to say no, I think you've already seen how many enforcers we have here. I just don't know if your bones are as hard as your mouth..."

"Of course, I am quite a peace-loving person, really don't want to see any violence occur... I trust Mr. Luo is also a wise man. If you know what's good for you, take this money and leave, as if nothing ever happened, as if you never saw anything..."

"But if Mr. Luo isn't understanding, then this money isn't for you anymore. I imagine giving this big sum of money to those enforcers under me, surely someone wouldn't mind using their knife to leave a few holes in your highness's body..."

The man surnamed Li seemed very calm, and even as he spoke these words, he did so with an air of composure, as if he wasn't a boss of an underground gambling den, but rather a cold-blooded assassin.

Clap clap clap~~~

Almost as soon as he finished speaking, applause broke out around them.

The one clapping, unquestionably, was Qin Fang standing next to him, his face showing little emotion, "It seems you're set on the approach of 'those who are with me prosper, those against me perish'... Good, very good..."

The words spoken by the man surnamed Li were powerful and full of vigor, making quite a compelling argument. For someone less brave, it would have certainly been intimidating enough.

Almost four million in cash, this was a huge sum of money for the vast majority of people. Just think about it, even the top prize in the lottery is only five million RMB, and after personal income tax, it's about four million.

And how many people in the country buy lottery tickets? Tens of millions, with each draw amounting to billions. Isn't it all for such a sum of money?

It's fair to say that obtaining such an amount would turn one's life upside down. In a nation of over a billion people, many would definitely take the risk for such a large sum.

Isn't it just killing a person?

The worst outcome is execution by firing squad, but at least such a sum could bring fortune to one's family. How many people can earn this much in a lifetime?

Especially those enforcers outside, idle and without any particular skills, their prowess limited to fighting, if offered such a large amount to kill someone, they wouldn't hesitate for a second...

Now, this was exactly the tactic the underground casino was using against Qin Fang.

Although no one could tell how Qin Fang had cheated, such luck obviously wasn't normal; Qin Fang must have been an expert cheater with superior skills.

Offering money to send Qin Fang away was the usual practice for casinos when they encountered skillful cheaters like Gao Ming, and of course, they would blacklist such cheaters to prevent their re-entry.

This casino, being run by an underground organization and not aboveboard, opted for the more understanding approach typical of such places—payment for silence and a gentle push out the door.

The less scrupulous ones would beat cheaters to death and dump the bodies at Mass Burial Mound...

Clearly, this underground casino was following the rules, adopting a "carrot before the stick" policy, which wasn't too outrageous; otherwise, Qin Fang wouldn't mind wiping out certain people outright.

"Mr. Luo, it's time for you to make a decision—take the money and leave, or else..."

The man surnamed Li seemed to be growing impatient, he stared down Qin Fang, emphasizing his last words distinctly and deliberately.

Qin Fang looked back at the man named Li, his eyes brimming with amusement. After maintaining this stare for several minutes, Qin Fang finally spoke.

"If you want to negotiate terms, then bring out someone with authority. You... are not qualified!"

Those words caused the man named Li to pause, his pupils constricted swiftly, his demeanor instantly transforming from his previous gentle and refined appearance into a fierce, ruthless being radiating chilling murderous intent.

Such a sudden change was something most people couldn't anticipate or withstand—the raw killing aura emanating from the man named Li was undeniable.

But what about Qin Fang?

He was as composed as ever, his smile not changing in the slightest, in fact, it deepened.

With a snap, he closed the cash-filled case and then settled himself into the boss chair behind the desk.

"Don't give me that stare; it's useless... Go find someone who can actually make decisions..."

The previous manager had said the man named Li was the boss behind this underground casino, but Qin clearly indicated that this man named Li wasn't the real boss—the true mastermind behind the scenes had yet to show.

If they wanted Qin Fang to leave, only the real boss coming forward to personally negotiate terms would suffice... The man named Li didn't have the credentials.

Chapter 667 - Get the Hell Out!\_1

...

This man surnamed Li glared at Qin Fang with eyes that blazed with flame, with the fierce light in his gaze not disguised at all.

Looking at that expression, it seemed as if Qin Fang was not facing a person but rather a fierce beast, ready to choose its prey at any moment, which was truly terrifying.

However, Qin Fang appeared incredibly calm, treating such a stare as if it were nothing, simply sitting leisurely in the boss chair, swaying it back and forth with an utterly relaxed and carefree demeanor.

In a word, he completely disregarded the man surnamed Li.

Of course, this was in line with what he had just said, "You... are not yet qualified!"

Clap clap clap~~

Just as the two of them were locked in a stare-down, suddenly a series of crisp slaps came from outside the door, and at the same time, a middle-aged man walked in while clapping his hands.

"Boss..."

The previously arrogant man surnamed Li immediately reined in his aura, slightly bowing his body, and called out respectfully, before standing behind the middle-aged man.

However, one thing that had not changed much was his hostile gaze toward Qin Fang, as if he was ready to tear Qin Fang into pieces at his boss's command.

Clearly, as Qin Fang had said, this man surnamed Li was not the real power behind the underground casino, to put it precisely, he was at most a bodyguard.

And Qin Fang had obviously seen through this point, even if the man surnamed Li was clad in quite high-end equipment of great value, he still couldn't escape Qin Fang's eyes.

"So it was you after all..."

Seeing the emergence of this middle-aged man, Qin Fang didn't seem surprised at all and spoke very calmly.

"Oh? You knew my identity all along?"

The middle-aged man, upon hearing Qin Fang's words, also showed a flicker of surprise.

Qin Fang had seen through the charade because there was something off about his bodyguard's persona; the killing intent was too strong, which is starkly different from that of a gambling expert.

But for Qin Fang to spot his identity at a glance was unexpected to him.

Who was this behind-the-scenes boss?

It was the croupier who had presided over Qin Fang's gambling game.

That is to say, rather than choosing to observe the situation through surveillance from a distance, this hidden boss had come to the scene to experience the entire process firsthand.

Being able to run this underground casino, aside from having sufficient capital and influence, he was also a gambling expert. His skill in Thousand Skills far surpassed that of his subordinates.

Yet, during the recent game, although he hadn't personally played, it was almost as if he had. Every time a new deck of cards was introduced, he was the one to shuffle first, and during the shuffling, he had already marked each card.

It was these marks that allowed his subordinates to play with ease, setting up traps for Qin Fang...

However, as much as they tried, not once did they succeed. This left not only his subordinates who dealt the cards frustrated, but also himself deeply dismayed.



It was precisely because he couldn't see through Qin Fang's deceit that the middle-aged man had no choice but to concede defeat.

He was relatively honorable, accepting his loss rather gracefully without resorting to violence, cheating, or even assassination like other crooked houses. Instead, he chose a relatively mild approach, offering money to convince Qin Fang to leave...

Of course, it was this relatively gentle approach that saved his life.

Had Qin Fang discovered that this underground casino was the kind that disregarded human life for the sake of winning money, the boss behind the scenes would have been in trouble.

Qin Fang would make a judgement based on his Evil Points to decide whether he could spare his life.

Although Qin Fang was not a saint, sometimes, for those who are violently evil, he didn't mind playing the role of a vigilante like Spider-Man or Batman, acting in the name of justice to eliminate harmful elements from society...

"You think you're well-hidden, but in fact, as soon as you appeared, I had already guessed it... It's mainly due to the attitude of those two cardsharps you arranged towards you... And of course, the Qianmen Illusion Technique you used unintentionally while shuffling the cards..."

Qin Fang didn't hide the fact that he knew the middle-aged man's specific identity; he had known it from the beginning. As soon as the man appeared, Qin Fang habitually cast a Scouting Skill. The man believed his cover was extremely covert, but in the face of Scouting Skill, those disguises were worthless.

What surprised Qin Fang was that he also knew the Qianmen Illusion Technique, roughly at the same level as Ye Ming, just a beginner. This level of skill in Thousand Skills was something Qin Fang could easily crush. He had even battled against someone of Ye Huan's level, who was a master of the Qianmen Illusion Technique...

"I won't waste words with you. Since you're here, we should first discuss terms..."

Qin Fang had no time for niceties, as the main party had arrived. After causing so much trouble for so long, if he didn't gain something out of it, wouldn't that make the trip a waste?

"Terms? What conditions do you require to leave..."

Chapter 668 - Get the Hell Out!\_2

The middle-aged man, hearing Qin Fang's words, gradually recovered from his initial shock and showed a bit of a gambler's spirit. He straightened his face and cleared his throat before speaking.

"I leave?"

Qin Fang smiled, "I think you've got it wrong. It's you all who need to leave..."

Qin Fang hadn't come here to make money. If he truly wanted to win money, he could go to places like Elite Salon or Bihai Pavilion to gamble, where it was both safe and big bets were placed, making winning truly thrilling...

These small-scale underground gambling dens were merely trivial in comparison, hidden away in the countryside to deceive people from the town and the unsuspecting farmers around...

Strictly speaking, Qin Fang wasn't from here, but having lived here for over a decade, this place was his hometown. Now, such an underground gambling den was situated right in his hometown, swindling his fellow townspeople. This was something Qin Fang couldn't tolerate, which was why he had to take action.

He was now only half a step away from success. How could he possibly give up?

His patience in negotiating with the behind-the-scenes owner stemmed from the man seeming somewhat reliable. Otherwise, Qin Fang would've simply resolved the situation through force.

Of course, Qin Fang still preferred to handle things using milder methods. Violence was not particularly desirable, especially since he wasn't often in the countryside. Who knew whether these people might slip back as soon as he turned his back?

"We leave... Mr. Luo, do you think you might be mistaken?"

The middle-aged man, upon hearing Qin Fang say this, was momentarily dumbfounded, taking a while before regaining his composure. Surprise was evident on his face, mixed with a trace of anger.

As for his Li surname bodyguard, he looked even more fierce, as if ready to pounce on Qin Fang the moment his boss gave the order and give him a harsh lesson...

"Of course, you heard right! Indeed... it's you who are leaving!"

Qin Fang's smile remained, with no significant change in his demeanor, but his tone had notably hardened as he emphasized the fact once again.

Slap~~

The middle-aged man was clearly angered by Qin Fang's words, slamming his palm down heavily on the table, shaking it violently, and the noise was frighteningly loud.

"Mr. Luo... do not push me too far!"

His face was filled with fury, and his tone was equally angry, seemingly suppressing his rage to the brink of explosion.

"Pushing too far? I don't think so..."

Qin Fang maintained his leisurely attitude, unafraid, and spoke with a slightly mocking smile.

"Sir, if I'm not mistaken, you should be clear about my identity by now..."

Without dwelling on that too much, Qin Fang shifted the topic abruptly, surprising both men across from him.

The one with the surname Li was slightly less shocked, merely surprised at how calm Qin Fang remained under the circumstances, while the middle-aged man reacted differently, his face instantly turning the color of liver, his entire demeanor transforming.

Staring at Qin Fang, the middle-aged man's gaze remained fixed, and as time ticked by agonizingly, finally...

"Hahaha..."

The previously enraged face of the middle-aged man suddenly morphed into a radiant smile, breaking into merry laughter, to the point where his Li-surnamed subordinate was left with his mouth agape in astonishment, completely clueless as to why his boss was reacting this way.

"Not bad for a confidant of Ninghai's Young Master Rui, Lord Ba, you really are..."

After the burst of laughter, the middle-aged man's demeanor finally softened, and looking at the unfazed Qin Fang, he adopted a much more courteous attitude.

"I dare not presume..."

Qin Fang's current identity was Eighth Elder, and ordinary people addressed him as Lord Ba, a term of respect. This middle-aged man operated within Ninghai territory, and although this place was rural, it was still part of Ninghai.

One should know that Li Rui was considered the Emperor of Ninghai Underground. Except for the southern city occupied by Tiger and areas like Maple Valley, which he couldn't be bothered with, everywhere else could be considered his territory, including these suburbs in the north of the city.

The middle-aged man, who ran an underground gambling den in the northern outskirts of the city, shrouded his operations in secrecy and failed to pay his respects to Li Rui, a move that was tremendously unwise.

As Qin Fang, now taking the role of Eighth Elder, appeared here, it seemed he was aware of their dealings... which meant that Li Rui was quite dissatisfied.

In such a situation, following the rules of the underworld, there were only two possible paths: hand over all revenues and compensate Li Rui with a hefty sum... If Li Rui was in a good mood, they could naturally continue their business but would have to share a cut with Li Rui...

The other path was to accept the conditions Li Rui set forth, agree to them, then roll out of Ninghai territory, never to return... Otherwise... Li Rui could send those who broke the rules on their final journey at any time.

The reason this middle-aged man acted so sneakily was to keep that portion of the profits for himself, thereby earning much more.

But he never expected Qin Fang to show up as Eighth Elder. Not knowing Eighth Elder's identity would have certainly spelled trouble for him, but it wasn't a foolish mistake he was capable of making—he had made his inquiries early.

While gambling, Qin Fang had already sent people to investigate; the reason he arrived late just now was to confirm this information...

"Lord Ba's meaning is..."

Since they were caught red-handed, the middle-aged man had no choice but to swallow his pride and negotiate, his attitude had shifted, becoming somewhat servile as he spoke.

"I don't want to waste words with you. I don't care how much money you've made, but I'll take it as compensation. Also, I'm giving you one day... After one day, I don't want to see you in Ninghai ever again... Otherwise... you know what the outcome will be!"

Qin Fang knew that pushing them too hard wasn't the solution; if these people were driven to desperation, it wouldn't be good. Qin Fang, skilled and bold, could turn misfortune into a blessing, but

there were still over a hundred people gambling in the underground den, and who knew what these people might do.

"That's it?"

The middle-aged man was immediately very surprised to hear the condition.

He thought Qin Fang would make things difficult for them, but the terms turned out to be so simple...

"You think it's too simple? Well, that's fine... I don't mind adding a few more... For instance, have your men destroy all the IOUs from usury. If I find even one... heh heh..."

Qin Fang said sharply, his expression quite unfriendly.

"Not simple at all, not in the slightest... I assure you, everything will be done within one day!"

The middle-aged man wanted to smack himself for speaking more than necessary, essentially complicating his own situation.

"Good..."



Qin Fang nodded, considering the matter nearly settled.

"By the way, are you versed in the Qianmen Illusion Technique?"

Qin Fang suddenly remembered and asked directly.

The middle-aged man's face changed suddenly, his surprise quite evident.

"I do... a bit!"

Qin Fang glanced at him, flipped his wrist, and a deck of playing cards suddenly appeared in Qin Fang's hand. He unwrapped it, took out the cards, and with a flick of his wrist, they all flew into the air, scattering chaotically, much like a dance of celestial maidens without order or pattern...

But soon, the scene changed. Qin Fang stretched out his hand and moved swiftly through the air, touching the floating cards, which collided haphazardly, knocking each other aside...

Yet upon closer inspection, it became clear that the cards in midair formed a word.

Death!

Seeing this word, the middle-aged man took a sharp breath and sweat broke out on his forehead...

It wasn't the word "death" that scared him, but rather the sudden appearance on the table of a... gun!

Chapter 669 - Want to Escape? Have Some Peanuts...\_1

...

A gun had suddenly appeared out of nowhere, which was truly terrifying.

Not only was the middle-aged man stunned, but the Li surnamed bodyguard following him was also instantly dumbfounded, both staring blankly at the gun lying on the table.

Their attention had been completely captured by Qin Fang's movements and the characters formed by the poker cards in midair, but they could not figure out when Qin Fang had taken out the gun...

Without doubting the authenticity of the gun, both the middle-aged man and his bodyguard, who were part of a line of work on the fringes, naturally had their own protective measures; both were old hands with guns. At the very least, the middle-aged man had a gun on him, apparently as a precaution.

However, handguns were mostly used for intimidation, and anyone firing a gun on such a quiet night would undoubtedly alarm the gamblers up ahead, potentially causing chaos.

The gamblers were unaware of what had happened behind them and hearing gunshots would prompt their first thought – someone had been killed. In the Ninghai Underground casino, the most obvious inference would be loan sharking gone wrong.

Linking thoughts that way, it wouldn't be long before the patrons here started diminishing, as nobody wanted to be the next unlucky victim shot dead...

But when Qin Fang pulled out that gun, the situation changed, with the panicked ones not being Qin Fang, but the two men across from him.

Qin Fang's current identity was that of Eighth Elder, the trusted confidant of Ninghai Underground overlord Li Rui. His presence here already signified a message from Li Rui – if they remained oblivious, it was very likely they wouldn't even make it out the door and would end up bound and dumped into the Yangtze River.

There was no doubt about this. To become the underground king of a major city, one had to be ruthless. Without that, the position was impossible to keep.

All involved in the underworld of Ninghai were aware of Li Rui's notorious reputation, not to mention the well-known names of his subordinates, all ruthless individuals.

Furthermore, the middle-aged man thought of even more.

The security at the entrance of the casino was rather tight. Dangerous items like firearms, daggers, and detonators couldn't possibly get in. He certainly did not want to be viewed as "Fat Sheep" by others and become a victim of robbery by his own kind.

Not to mention, those who owed high-interest debts and were pushed too hard could easily act in desperation, doing something extremely out of line, such as barging into the casino with the intention of a murder-suicide.

And to ensure absolute security, he had arranged for a double layer of safety checks to guarantee that none of these items could be missed...

Qin Fang had passed through two layers of security checks before entering the casino, which he was very clear about. Yet now, Qin Fang had taken out a gun, which really was quite problematic.

Although it was winter and everyone was wearing relatively more clothing, allowing for more items to be concealed, it was impossible for such a gun to be overlooked during a security check.

Therefore, the only explanation was that those he trusted apparently weren't as reliable as he imagined. At least one person, or possibly even several, had betrayed him, allowing Qin Fang to smuggle the gun inside...

It was even more likely that someone within his ranks had been bought out, bringing the gun inside and then secretly handing it over to Qin Fang. This possibility was not small. Although the casino was under surveillance, with so many people crowded together, anything could happen...

Regardless of the reason, it all indicated one thing: his every move was being watched by the other party. If he didn't behave, it would be quite possible that he might not leave Ninghai alive.

With betrayal among his ranks, he had to worry if his own safety could still be assured. Just as he could spend money to arrange someone to kill Qin Fang, Qin Fang could also spend money to secretly kill him.

Or rather, completely support the betrayer to kill him and take his place... There were too many such precedents, and he simply could not guarantee that everyone was solidly united.

"Lord... Lord Ba... there's no need for this, right?"

Looking at the gun on the table, the middle-aged man couldn't help but swallow his saliva before speaking with an extremely bitter expression.

"Whether it's necessary or not isn't for me to say, it mostly depends on how you conduct yourself... It's getting late, and I should be going,"

Qin Fang's smile was remarkably calm as he picked up the gun from the table, carelessly slipped it into his clothes, and stood up to leave.

Essentially, the conversation had reached the point it needed to, and pressing any further would only risk pushing the other party too far – that could end up being troublesome...

"I understand what to do now! Rest assured, Lord Ba..."

The middle-aged man was now completely compliant, his words exceedingly pleasant to the ear as he respectfully saw Qin Fang out.

As Qin Fang approached Li Rui's bodyguard, he moved suddenly, catching the bodyguard completely off guard with an elbow strike to the abdomen...

The intense pain immediately caused his stomach to spasm as if he might vomit his last meal, and it spread outward, rapidly attacking every cell in his body. His face contorted so severely it seemed entirely deformed.

Chapter 670 - Want to Escape? Have Some Peanuts...\_2

"Kid, next time you wanna act tough, make sure you check who you're dealing with, or else... next time, I'll shoot you right in the head... bang,"

The one who struck was naturally Qin Fang. This Li-surnamed bodyguard had always been highly hostile towards Qin Fang, and the red glow surrounding him hadn't diminished with their disadvantage; in fact, it grew stronger.

Qin Fang was anything but polite to such a person. He gave him a lesson and, of course, had to spit on him twice and look down on him disdainfully.

"Lord Ba, please calm down, the young man doesn't know any better. Please be more tolerant..."

The middle-aged man immediately began to apologize fervently, looking even more wary and cautious. As for the bodyguard, now he would have liked to flatter too, but a sharp pain in his abdomen made even opening his mouth hurt, causing him to grimace in pain.

"Hmm, be more careful from now on..."

Qin Fang picked up the briefcase containing nearly four million in cash and walked outside. These two naturally accompanied him, and then they also took Qin Fang's original stake and the money he won when they left the underground casino.

"Boss, do we really have to..."

The Li-surnamed bodyguard watched Qin Fang's car driving away and the look on his face was venomous. It took him several minutes before he could speak again, but he was still pondering over what to do next.

"Thinking I'd bow down to them like that... they underestimate me... Li Qiang, go arrange for the evacuation of the people, change your clothes, and then blend in with the crowd to leave with me..."

The middle-aged man also looked quite morose. He hadn't been operating the casino for too long. He had taken care of various aspects and had not easily gotten to know a good number of gamblers. Just as things were stabilizing, he faced the predicament of having to leave—a situation he was extremely reluctant to accept.

He was the boss, and this Li Qiang was his absolute confidant, the casino's second-in-command next to him. Or rather, on the surface, Li Qiang acted as the casino's behind-the-scenes boss while he himself was just a regular croupier. The real one watching over everything from behind was him.

"Understood..."

Li Qiang nodded and immediately went to arrange things.

Agreeing to Qin Fang's demand to close the casino was a necessary evil, but as the casino was going to close, he naturally had to take good care of his staff. A considerable amount of the money made had to be distributed to them.

Enforcers, waiters, and croupiers together totaled possibly dozens of people. Giving a little to each was indeed a substantial sum.

After being messed with by Qin Fang, and considering the regular pay-offs, he hadn't earned much money. If he had to pay out such a large amount now, he would have even less left.

Moreover, someone among his staff had betrayed him. Although temporarily unclear who it was, there was no doubt these people were no longer trustworthy.

Since anyone could have betrayed him, he decided to keep the money for himself; thus, he planned to take the money and flee far away...

Li Qiang was the only person he trusted, as he had helped Li Qiang when he was down and out, and had even saved his life. Due to this history, Li Qiang became his most trusted confidant, someone who would jump in front of a gun for him without a second thought.



So aside from Li Qiang, no one else could be trusted. Combining his concealed identity, just looking like just another face in the scattering crowd, he intended to blend in and slip away with the money, and nobody would ever know...

As long as he had money in hand, he didn't worry about the chance to start anew elsewhere.

And as for whether Li Rui would be furious about this, what would it matter? He hadn't even mentioned a single word about his own name; when it came down to it, he could just change his appearance and keep on surviving somewhere else.

With this thought in mind, while Li Qiang was arranging the evacuation of the gamblers, the middle-aged man had already changed into more ordinary clothes, carrying a briefcase, and hurriedly merged into the crowd, attempting to exit with them and then sneak away from the casino...

He and Li Qiang had their own special way of contacting each other, so he wasn't worried about Li Qiang not being able to find his man, which is why he took off first.

"Young Master Qin, that guy's come out..."

Shen Liang had been holding his binoculars and closely observing the situation over there, watching each person who came out of the casino. Most of the gamblers' expressions were quite normal—typically grumbling, showing annoyance with a frown, or yelling in exceptional anger because they'd lost money and wanted to recoup their losses.

But among these people, there was one who stood out. He was dressed all in black, with a dark hat on his head that conveniently obscured his face. He probably would have worn sunglasses if it hadn't been night.

It was precisely this unusual attire that made him noticeable to Shen Liang almost as soon as he appeared.

Qin Fang drove off in front of that middle-aged man, but he didn't go far. He quickly circled back around because, as a local, he knew the terrain of the area rather well.

After he returned, Qin Fang surmised that the guy was likely trying to make a sly escape, leaving behind his underlings... Originally, if he had just left, the casino would have closed down, and Qin Fang's goal would have been achieved. However, there was still the matter of the high-interest loans, which required some sort of resolution.

If the behind-the-scenes boss took the money and fled, the thugs who were left behind might not have anything to cling to and could end up collecting debts using the loan receipts, potentially resulting in more incidents like that of Tao Yihai.

After some thought, Qin Fang decided to stop the guy from sneaking away and give him a warning as well. He planned to lay off only after ensuring that things were properly sorted, and the illegal casino was shut down for good.

"That's him, he's definitely trying to sneak off..."

Qin Fang also took a glance. He recognized the man more clearly—this fellow wouldn't escape Qin Fang's scouting skill, even if he turned to ash.

After thinking for a moment, Qin Fang pulled out a gun, loaded it with bullets, and aimed at the sneaky fellow, who was keeping his head down.

Bang~~~

The gun fired.

A bullet shot rapidly, almost grazing the scalp of the middle-aged man as it passed and struck the wall, creating a round hole.

The black hat was blown right off, exposing the man's head, complete with a clearly visible scorch mark where the bullet had singed his scalp...

In the still of the night, the gunshot was so abrupt that nearly everyone was startled, some appearing bewildered and clueless, too scared to move, while others turned deathly pale and trembled.

Only the behind-the-scenes boss himself turned ashen, then pale, looking extremely unsightly as though he had no idea what to do next.

He had wanted to slip away, but the clear message of that bullet was undeniable—thinking of sneaking off? Leave your life behind...

There was no denying it, Qin Fang's gunmanship was incredibly strong. Although the gun in his hand was just an ordinary pistol, not a sniper rifle, the effect achieved was almost identical.

It was remarkably deterrent. At least, the man behind the scenes was certainly not taking it lightly... He carefully looked around, but he failed to spot anything decisive.

After struggling for a long time, he finally gave in, helplessly deflated.

In the presence of so many onlookers, a hidden assassin had opened fire, and the shooting was sniper-like in its precision. If this shot was for the hat, then the next one...